

Fort Wayne Daily Sentinel.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 141.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 19, 1882.

PRICE THREE CENTS

THREE WEEKS' COLD, WET WEATHER.

MARCH DAYS IN MAY, JANUARY NIGHTS IN JUNE. One quarter of the season already gone and the market still stagnant—Have made it imperative that

All Spring and Summer Goods now in stock Must be Disposed of.

I will make prices that will effect this in

Dress Goods, Prints, Silks,

Satin, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves,

Parasols' Neckwear, White Goods,

Domestic Laces, and Notions.

All will share in the GENERAL REDUCTION.

I have just received a handsome line of

FRENCH LACE ZEPHYRS.

The most stylish and handsomest Summer Dress Goods this season—Formerly sold for 45c—Reduced now to 28c per yard. Call and examine this goods.

French and Scotch Ginghams—Handsome checks and Plaids—All reduced to 25c per yard.

MY STOCK OF

Lawns, Bunting and Nuns Veiling

Should have special attention as I have made GREAT REDUCTIONS

In Those Lines.

LOUIS WOLF,

24 CALHOUN STREET.
FORT WAYNE, IND.

KEYSTONE BLOCK.

CROCKERY.

FOR YOUR

CHINA GOODS !

GO TO

Kaag & Bro

Where you can get the finest assortments of

China Tea

AND

Dinner Sets,

Chamber Sets,

Toilet Sets,

Majolica Ware,

Hand Painted Plates

Cups and Saucers,

Lamps of all Kinds,

Chandeliers,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

And everything else that is kept in a first class

Crockery

Store !

No. 5 East Columbia St.

Apr. 1862

DR. T. J. DILLS,

Gives special attention to diseases of the

EYE AND EAR.

Office No. 2 West Berry street, Fort Wayne, Indiana, 1862.

MASSACRED BY MEXICANS

Twenty-seven Apache Indians
Coolly Shot Down by
Mexican Troops.

At Bucyrus a Young Man
Sends a Bullet Through
His Brain.

A Tornado Inflicts Fearful
Damage in the West—
Many Lives Lost.

A Mother Cuts Her Child's
Throat and then Takes
Her Own Life.

Ship and Crew go Down.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., June 19.—The American schooner, *Massasoit*, under full sail, crashed into an immense iceberg and sank almost immediately. Five of the crew went down with the vessel.

The Old Act.

DANVILLE, Va., June 19.—The south mail train on the Virginia and Midland railroad, ran on to a siding this morning, and collided with coal cars, and severely injured the engineer and mail agent.

Habeas Corpus Denied.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—Justice Bradley, of the United States supreme court, to whom Guitreau's counsel applied for a writ of habeas corpus, today filed a denial to the application with the clerk of the court. No reason exists for granting the writ.

A Fierce Cyclone.

CHICAGO, June 19.—A Metropolis, Ill., special says that a terrible cyclone struck that city yesterday evening, blowing down several houses and killing Dick Turner, capsizing and sinking the steamer *Jennie Walker* and scattering harvested wheat in the vicinity. The damage is heavy.

A Mother's Terrible Crime.

GENESEE, Ill., June 19.—Eight miles south of this city Saturday, after preparing dinner for her husband and hired man, and while they were eating, Mrs. Lindquist took her son, aged five years, to a corn crib, cut his throat and then killed herself. The woman is believed to be insane.

The Cleveland Labor Trouble.

CLEVELAND, June 19.—About the same number of men as Saturday went to work this morning at the Cleveland rolling mill. A few non-union strikers resumed their old places in the wire mill. Sensational reports are prevalent of collisions between small parties of workmen and strikers.

Trail of the Tornado.

ATCHISON, Kansas, June 19.—The recent tornado played havoc in this and adjoining states. Small towns were entirely demolished and inhabitants killed. A family of three were drowned twelve miles from here while riding in a flat boat. At Irish Ridge, near Iowa City, Iowa, twelve persons were killed. Last evening another cyclone followed the track of the former one, doing fearful damage.

Twenty-Seven Apaches Murdered by Mexicans.

By Telegraph to the Sentinel.

NEW YORK, June 19.—A special from Matamoras, Mexico, says that a dispatch from Chihuahua to day states that the twenty seven Apache prisoners captured in the recent fights with the Jesus and Marie bands, were taken out in the field yesterday and shot. They bashed with wonderful bravery, each one meeting his fate with remarkable coolness, and looking defiantly at the executioners.

New Grocery.

Having opened a grocery store in the building formerly occupied by George Reiter's cigar store, corner of Barr and Berry streets, I am prepared to furnish everything in the line of groceries, vegetables, &c. Everything received fresh. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

CHARLES REITER,
161 W. Corner Barr and Berry.

Great reduction in millinery at Miss Davenport's, 75 Calhoun St. 16-18.

Pavilion Roller Rink will open Monday evening, June 19th, corner of Main and Fulton Sts. 17-18.

The U. S. Government are using numbers of The Improved Howe Safety Razor, Sellick & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

tion of ensign July 1. It is not definitely known what motive induced the act, unless it was an apprehension that he might fail in his examination for promotion.

Fatal Encounter.

[By Telegraph to the Sentinel.] PRINCETON, Ky., June 19.—John Chambliss and Campbell Happer had an alteration yesterday, in this country, in which Chambliss was shot dead. Happer's eye was knocked out and he was otherwise seriously injured.

A CASE OF DESERTION.

A Man Named Taylor Takes his Child and Skips to St. Louis.

From 8 or 9 o'clock last night until noon to-day, a lonely woman on whose face is a piteous look of despair, kept watch at the south depot on outgoing Wabash trains. To Deputy Marshal Limecooky she told her story. It appears that Taylor, who is a laborer and has lived with his wife on LaSalle street, has been dissipated of late, and was just recovering from a spree. His wife reproached him last night, but he went to bed in sullen silence. Having occasion to go to a neighboring drug store for writing paper, Mrs. Taylor left the house, leaving her husband in bed, and as she supposed, asleep. Their little son was also in bed. She was gone but a few minutes, and on returning, was astounded to find the house empty, husband and child having disappeared. The boy had been dressed so hastily that his shoes and coat were left behind.

From neighbors to whom Mrs. Taylor excitedly went for information she learned that Taylor had left word that he was going to St. Louis with his boy, and that his wife need never expect to see them again. He was tired of her, and proposed with his boy to commence life anew unencumbered with a nagging female. Mrs. Taylor at once went to the depot and notified Officer Limecooky, who, with the deserted and almost frantic wife and mother, watched the train. There has been up to this time, however, no tidings of Taylor or the child.

A Novel Feature of the Fair.

At the new Library hall Thursday next, between 4 and 6 o'clock, there will be a baby show. The little cherubs will be exhibited by fond mammas or admiring friends. Drs. Heuchling and Buchman will act as judges, and will be assisted in discerning the prettiest babes by Messdames Olds, Lowry, Woodworth and Fisher. The occasion will be novel and is looked forward to with expectation. Three prizes will be offered—one for a child between three and twelve months old, another for a child between twelve and eighteen, and still another between eighteen and thirty months old.

A New Gravel Road.

This morning, County Surveyor Goehorn and assistants, commenced the survey of a new gravel road which is to extend from the residence of John Orff, east, west of the city, to the Whitley county line.

We hope the day is not far distant when the county will be cut by a net work of gravel roads, and access to the most remote townships rendered easy and pleasant. Gravel roads THE SENTINEL has always advocated and ever will.

Please Cuttily.

Henry Brown, the horse thief who has spent most of his life behind prison bars, was this afternoon arraigned in the criminal court, and plead guilty to stealing a horse of Hood, the Barr street butcher. Judge Withers sentenced him to two years in the state prison. Brown's clever capture by Dan Walter, the butcher, will be remembered.

Last night, friends of A. L. Griebel, democratic nominee for auditor, secured an Italian string band and proceeded to give Louis a serenade. Unfortunately they were not familiar with his residence and made things melodic in the vicinity of 161 West Wayne street whereas Mr. Griebel's residence is No. 147 West Washington street. Despite this little mistake Louis is duly grateful and asks THE SENTINEL to express his warmest thanks to his many friends who so kindly stood by him in the convention.

Members of the Alert Hook and Ladder company claim they were justified in using imported beer at their picnic as representatives of breweries belong to their organization. They say justice to all.

LOCAL LINES.

Carl Schepper, a printer of Huntington, is in the city.

W. W. Reed, of the Robinson house, went to Warsaw this afternoon.

Joseph Rausch, of Huntington, is in the city, and will take in the fair to-night.

There will be several arrests made to-day on indictments returned at past sessions of the grand jury.

Henry Scheffer has taken out a permit to build a frame house on lot No. 7, Bonds addition at a cost of \$350.

The county commissioners met to-day and after allowing numerous bills resolved themselves into a board of equalization.

The friends of Judge Worden, irrespective of party, believe he will be kept on the superior court bench during his lifetime.

John Robbins, formerly traveling salesman for A. D. Brandriff & Co., has accepted a similar position with Morgan & Beach.

The Fort Wayne Commandery, K. T., hold a special conclave this evening. The order of Knights Templar will be conferred.

Hon. W. H. Withers will be a candidate for judge of the criminal court either independent or on the regular republican ticket.

Master Mechanic Casanave has received orders to complete the five locomotives on which work was suspended a few weeks ago.

At the M. E. College commencement next Friday evening, W. D. Maier will lead the orchestra which is composed of amateur talent.

C. M. Dawson and W. D. Maier were serenaded by their friends Saturday evening. They appeared and bowed their acknowledgements.

For Wayne Commandery, Knights Templar, have accepted the invitation to visit the Defiance commandery. June 29 will probably be the date.

Hon. Robert Stratton, of this city, has received an urgent invitation to deliver the Fourth of July oration at Tremont, but will decline. Fort Wayne's blow-out is good enough for Bob.

The United States courts have adjourned until the 17th of July to meet here with Judges Graham and Drummond on the bench. The court officials left for Indianapolis Saturday evening and Judge Graham will there try some chancery cases.

Hon. Byron K. Elliott, one of the judges of the supreme court of Indiana and an orator whose fame extends a great way out of his own state, will deliver the Fourth of July oration here. This selection will be hailed with gratification by our citizens.

Harry F. France, justice of the peace elect and appointed to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Justice Tancey, filed his bond for \$2,000 to-day. The sureties are Thomas A. Hearn and Gottlieb Heller. Justice France can be found at Tancey's old stand.

Miss Grace Morrow, of Blair county, Pa., is the guest of her uncle, J. M. Moritz, esq., of the Aveline house, for a few days. Miss Morrow is en route home from her studies at Oxford Seminary, Oxford, O., and is a young lady of many accomplishments and graces.

Oliver Stanton, a youth, who left here with the Bathsheba and Doris show in the capacity of canvas man, has returned thoroughly disgusted with his experience of life in the saw dust. Oliver quit the show at Springfield, Ills., and tells some interesting stories of his hardships.

This morning, Deputy Sheriff Sam Miller, arrested in the post office Maud Skinner, a young female who has been going down hill with a vengeance. She is now in jail and will be taken to the woman's reformatory this evening. Application was made for the girl's admission by her sister, Mollie Skinner, employed as a dining room girl at the Aveline.

The republican county central committee will meet Saturday afternoon next at the circuit court room and make arrangements for holding a convention and placing a ticket in nomination. The republican congressional committee will meet Friday afternoon and fix a time and place for holding the convention. We are assured that our republican friends will be present to warrant a pleasant evening.

The Arion society will give a family picnic at Zollinger's grove, near Adams station, on Sunday, June 25. Round trip fare, 35 cents, payable on train. Train leaves south depot at 1 o'clock p. m. All arrangements have been made to warrant a pleasant evening.

Hours of the Rink: Evening, 10 to 12, ladies only. Afternoon, 3 to 6 general practice, for ladies, gents and children. Evening, 8:30, to 10, general assembly.

White Shirts!

If perfection in fit has ever been attained in shirts, it certainly has

been by us, for of the thousands of these goods sold we have no complaint

although a guarantee goes with every

one from our 75 cent shirt to the best

for \$2. We agree to fit or refund the money.

17-24

A SUMMER RESORT.

The Pleasant Summer Garden of Chris. Entemann.

The name of Chris. Entemann is

familiar to all lovers of good cheer, as one of the jolliest entertainers in the city. His pleasant house of call has long been the favorite resort of the best class of citizens who find their way hither, when in a relaxing mood.

Mr. Entemann has lately made very noticeable improvements about his establishment, and to-day, a SENTINEL reporter dropped in to see what the enterprising Chris. had been up to. The metamorphosis was wonderful. The visitor enters a long airy room reaching back to the alley. The saloon has been painted and refitted throughout and some very artistic paper adorns the walls. Hitherto the billiard hall was divided from the saloon by a board partition but this has been torn away and an elegant arch built. Within are several billiard and pool tables of latest make. The entire length of the apartment, tables are placed at intervals where the tired wayfarer may sit down with a friend and enjoy a pleasant chat over a glass of beer. Plants, flowers and singing birds are profusely scattered about. Behind the bar is the presiding genius of this delightful establishment, Chris. Entemann himself, rotund and jolly, his face perpetually irradiated by the pleasantest of smiles. Polite bartenders are his assistants and the quality of beer, wines, liquors and cigars dispensed are of

DRY GOODS

Summer Goods,

AT

Root and Company's.

Plain All Wool Bunting

20, 25, 35 and 50c.

Lace Bunting,

15, 20, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Iron Frame Grenadines,

20, 25, 35, 45 and 50c.

A Specialty 2 YARD Grenadine, 75cts.

SEE OUR

Silk and Wool Brocade And Striped Grenadines.

Nun's Veiling, AT 46 and 48 Calhoun St.

Wall Paper!

AT—

MANUFACTURERS PRICES.

We have completed all our arrangements to go into the jobbing of Wall Paper and hereafter we will sell you Wall Paper for what retailers have to pay for their goods.

OUR PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Brown blanks.....	7c per roll
White blanks.....	10c per roll
Plate.....	14c per roll
Satin.....	16c per roll
Plain colored golds.....	32c per roll
Beautiful gold pattern.....	36c per roll
Fine emboss golds, hand made.....	45c per roll
Fine emboss golds, hand made.....	65c per roll
Solid emboss golds, hand made.....	85c per roll
Solid emboss colored golds, hand made.....	\$1 and up

What do you think of these prices? They are our retail and wholesale prices, the same as manufacturers.

We carry the largest and finest Wall Paper of any house in Northern Indiana, and all we ask is for the public to call and see for themselves. We are the only ones in the city that carries in stock solid hand made gold, velvet and leather wall paper.

Our ability for combining colors for decorating Ceilings and walls can be seen in most every fine house in the city. Call at No. 70 Calhoun street, opposite the Aveline House, and see if we advertise one price and then ask another. Don't forget the place,

Fort Wayne Paint and Painting Co.

70 Calhoun St.,

O. L. Starkey & Co.
PROPRIETORS.

The Daily Sentinel

MONDAY, JUNE 19.

THE CITY.

Judge Worden left for Indianapolis last night.

The Pavilion roller skating rink opens to night.

The Conservatory commencement will take place Friday, June 22.

Saturday S. M. Hench telegraphed his aged father in Pennsylvania regarding the nomination.

Yesterday straw hats and palm leaf fans were affected. To-day people are getting out their winter clothing.

A number of people were out riding Sunday evening and drove in damp and profane after the shower struck them.

Let all democrats work for the glorious success of the entire ticket put in nomination Saturday. In harmony there is strength.

In the superior court, the Hamilton bank has brought suit against H. S. Mensch, H. J. Trentman et al., demanding \$50 on note.

A pane of glass was cracked in Charles B. Woodworth's drug store front Saturday evening. Some lousy individual fell through it.

A fist fight occurred on Broadway last evening. The unpleasantness grew out of a difference of opinion as to the result of the convention.

Dr. J. M. Dinnin will again occupy his residence, No. 69 West Wayne street, next Wednesday, his little son, Willie, having regained his health.

Judgment has been entered in the superior court against A. D. Brandiff in favor of the Cleveland Rolling Mill Co. for \$60, and the Northampton Cutlery Co. for \$150.

A number of the successful candidates took in the fair Saturday night, and were wheeled out of their small charge by the fascinating damsels who lie in wait for such purpose.

Efforts will be made to raise \$350, the amount allotted to Allen county to raise as its share toward the Morton monument fund. Mr. J. B. Harper, the attorney, has consented to raise the sum needed.

With very few exceptions and those disappointed candidates, the democracy of county and city are satisfied with the ticket put in nomination Saturday. Even the defeated ones pledge themselves to work energetically for the common cause. A hand-some majority will be piled up.

The jury in the case of the Whealock Bridge Company vs. the Board of Commissioners of Carroll county, tried at Logansport a few days ago, and in which Hon. Wm. Fleming of this city was interested, reported Saturday that they were unable to agree and were discharged. The jury stood seven for the Whealock Company and five for Carroll county.

Henry Whitbrook and William Clark, old soakers, were sent over twelve days each this morning by the mayor. William Holverstott paid \$11.75. George Smith, the legless tramp, got out of jail yesterday and as usual filled himself to the neck with booze and made a great deal of a row for a cripple. Officer Doyle ran him in and Justice Ryan this morning committed him for thirty days.

F. Grimes, of No. 229 Madison street, a carpenter in the Pittsburgh shop, has invented a car couple, which is operated from either side of the car by means of a lever. If the invention practicable, it must result in averting many lamentable accidents.

Master of Motive Power Wood examined the model and fears it is not practicable, but the inventor and other mechanics think otherwise and will have a test shortly.

Frank Runde was once a highway man and robber as noted as Jesse James, and figured in a criminal character in this county, but, after committing a number of daring crimes and murders, he was captured and sentenced to the Illinois penitentiary at Joliet, where he is now serving out a life sentence. The prison officials say that his right name is Scott and that he is a respectable Iowa family. The belief that he is insane is also current.

Last night the Sabbath quiet was disturbed by a row at Ortleib's saloon.

Ed Downey was quietly drinking a glass of beer when two young ruffians, Wm. Logan and James Sullivan, entered.

Both were drunk and Sullivan pulled down Downey with a torrent of unprovoked abuse, finally striking him.

Downey struck back and an end was put to the melee by the appearance of Officer Rohle, who placed Sullivan and Downey under arrest.

Logan interfered with the officer and was added to the trio. Fred Eckart, who was in the saloon, went Downey's aid and Logan, forfeited a fine this morning.

Logan and Downey, forfeited a fine this morning.

WHAT WE DO NOT LIKE TO SEE!

A man who knows so much you cannot tell him anything. Yellow-colored skin, when you see it, Blood Bitter is guaranteed to cure the complexion.

One man occupying a section in a rail-way car and his valise and grip sack half an hour, while modest people are crowded in and packed away sardine style.

A live business man who is often interrupted from business on account of dyspepsia. Blood Bitter is guaranteed to cure the worst case of this Indian-man-killer.

The man in the street who sits and waits for a fellow to get up and give a lady a seat.

A person who is always complaining of b-list attacks, and tick headaches when the trouble can easily be cured by using a few drops of Blood Bitter.

A primly priming Leh-di-dah-dah cigarette smoking specimen of Miss Nancy, who parts her hair in the center and wears a white lace collar.

A person who is like, but whom we would like much better if he did not come so close on account of his disagreeable breath, and who won't take Burdock Blood Bitter.

A person who will succeed in proving to every lady in the land the look feet it deems fit head gear of huge proportions.

The man who reads this, and who fails to prescribe Burdock Blood Bitter to his wife, who is a martyr to sick headaches.

Boil all druggists. Price, \$1 a bottle.

WANTED.

WANTED--A young man to do office work and make collections. Apply at this office immediately.

WANTED--A house of six or eight rooms, in one or two squares of corner of Wayne and Calhoun streets, immediately, by a good paying tenant. Inquire at O'neal's Bus Line Office. 15 ft

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT--Dwelling No. 106 Barr street. Inquire of George Bowen, 110 Calhoun street. 12 ft

FOR RENT--About July 1, I will offer for rent my house and ten acres of land on Spy Run Avenue. A. G. HARNETT, Omnibus Line Office. 15 ft

LOST.

LOST--A few days ago, a Water Spaniel dog, between tan and black and white. The finder will be rewarded by returning the same to No. 69 West Berry street. 15 ft

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sportman's Emporium, 58 E. Main street, Max G. Lade. All kinds of guns. Bargains in fishing tackle. Repairing of guns and rifles a specialty.

RUBBER STAMPS--Being agents for the famous Chicago Rubber Company, we can furnish all kinds of Rubber stamps, Typewriter Stamps, Pads, Inks, etc., on short notice. No postage or express charges. Catalogue on application. A. C. KATT & CO., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

STARTLING DISCOVERY! LOST MANHORN RESTORED.

A victim of youthful indiscretion coming home late at night, the poor boy, a hood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure which he will tell J. H. L. VIVES, 43 Chatham St., N.Y. Sept 10 codaw iv

BOOTS,
SHOES AND
SLIPPERS

— A T —

Astonishing Low Prices!

Ladies' Fine Opera Slippers, \$1.00 to \$1.25
Ladies' Fine Button Boots, \$1.50 to \$2.25
Men's Working Shoes, \$1.00
The Only Government Sheets, \$1.75
Gent's Fine Shoes, \$2.00

WE DEFY ANY HOUSE TO

SHOW A LARGER

AND FINE LINE

OF

Gent's Fine Shoes,
From 50 cents to \$1.00 cheaper than elsewhere.

All Goods Fresh and War-
ranted Free From Shop.
dy and Paper.

C. Schiefer
& Son,
8 E. Columbia St.,
Sign of Alligator.

The Daily Sentinel

MONDAY, JUNE 19.

THE SHADY HAND.

I am a traveler and collector for a large house which executes many orders throughout the country. When I have an extensive district which is often the case, I frequently have a considerable sum of money about me; and on several occasions the possession thereof has rendered me very uneasy; but no time more than that of which I speak.

I had been assigned to a large territory in the west, a region rough and mountainous, and which, I had reason to believe, abounded in lawless spirits who might give me some trouble. A person of my calling is always supposed to have a large sum of money about him when he has been out for a number of days or weeks; and many is the time that I have seen people look at me with an expression on their faces that spoke louder than words, how much they would like a chance of seeing what my wallet contained. But thus far they never have had their wishes gratified in that respect, and so long as my faithful six-shooter does not play me false, I don't mean that they shall.

One day, at noon-time, saw me in one of the little villages of the west, hemmed in on all sides by high peaks and lofty summit passes. I had transacted my business there and now sought the landlord of the inn to learn my way to the next village that I wished to visit. From him I learned that it was twenty miles by the public road, and rough and hilly into the bargain.

"But is there no nearer way?" I asked. "If the road is in the state you say, it will be way after nightfall before I can reach there, and it looks as though we might have a rainfall presently."

"There is a road over the mountain," he answered, after a pause, "but it has not been used of late years, and the way is rough. Still, it can be got over; and as it is but little over half the distance it is by the main road, you will get to Silby fully an hour earlier than you could by that way."

"Then I shall try it, for I want to get there before the storm, if possible."

"Keep the road straight ahead, and keep your eyes open," he said.

"Thank you, I shall do so," I answered. "Good day."

"Good day," and the landlord waved his hand as I rode away.

For hours I wound along the most wretched road I ever saw. Every now and then a path would branch off leading apparently into the heart of the forest. The afternoon passed away and night came on, and still there was no change in the road, no sign of my being near to Silby. All was the same dreary wilderness as that through which I had been passing so many hours. With the coming of the darkness the rain began to fall. This added to the disquiet I already felt, for I feared that I had left the right road and got into one of those paths that led I knew not whither.

Faster and faster fell the rain, and with every moment the gloom increased until the darkness was such that it could almost be felt. Still I plodded on, feeling there was little chance of reaching my place of designation, but with the hope that I might stumble upon some cabin that possessed human inhabitants, where I could find fire and shelter for the night. More than an hour passed and I had nearly given up all hopes of finding shelter, when I beheld the gleam of light before me. Encouraged by the sight, I urged my horse onward, and in a few minutes found myself in front of a low cabin, through the one window of which the light gleamed that had attracted my attention.

Dismounting, I approached and rapped loudly upon the door. There was the sound of shuffling feet within; then it was thrown open, and a man holding a candle in his hand appeared upon the threshold, and demanded what I wanted. As the light flashed upon his face I had the impression that I had seen it before; but it was gone in a moment. In answer to his demand I told him I wanted shelter for myself and horse for the night, and that if in the morning he would guide me to Silby, he would be suitably rewarded.

He made some reply, the burden of which I could not catch, owing to the driving of the rain; and then, setting the candle down upon the floor, he came out saying, as he laid his hand upon my horse's bridle, "Tain't very good quarters that you'll find here, mister, but perhaps it's better than it is out in the rain."

"Any shelter is better than none on such a night as this," I answered, as I dismounted. And I followed him around to a rude hovel, where he did the best he could for my horse, and

When we went into the cabin, he picked up the candle he had placed on the floor, observing as he did so, "I keep bachelor's hall here, so you must not expect much; but you are hungry, I s'pose!"

I replied in the affirmative, as I drew up to the fire that shone upon the hearth, the heat of which was very grateful after my exposure to the storm. I watched my host as he placed some bread and meat upon the table, and his every look and motion went to confirm the impression that I had seen him before; and then it flashed upon my mind when and where. It was at the hotel where I had passed the previous night. He was among the rough, unshorn loafers that were standing around the bar.

The food being set out, he placed a rude seat by the table, and told me that my supper was ready, making some excuse because it was not better. I answered him that it was as good as I desired, and as hunger is the best appetizer a man can have, I did the coarse provender ample justice. When I was satisfied, I resumed my seat once more by the fire, and tried to enter into conversation with my host, but I made poor headway. He did not seem inclined to talk, and after a while I gave it up, and we sat in silence for some time; he, ever and anon stealing a glance at me from under his shaggy eyebrows, which, in spite of myself, made me feel a little uneasy, when I reflected upon the money about me. At last, tired of this, I told him that I would like to go to bed, if he had a place where I could lie down. Upon this, he rose and led the way into the other small apartment of the cabin, and setting down the candle went out and closed the door.

There was a rude bed in a corner of the room, covered with a ragged quilt, and upon this I threw myself without taking off my clothes. My six-shooter I placed beside me, where I could lay my hand upon it at a moment's notice, and then I blew out the candle and tried to sleep. But I soon found it was impossible to do. A nameless something kept me awake. I could hardly define it fear. It was more of a nervousness that I could not shake off, try as I would. My eyes would not stay shut, but wanted to remain wide open and fixed upon the wall where the firelight, which shone through the cracks in the partition against which my bed stood, played with a weird sort of light.

Try as I would, I could not keep my eyes from the wall. Did I close them, the next minute they would be again wide open. Did I turn my head, I would be looking there again almost before I knew it. What I expected to see, I hardly knew. Yet it came at last.

Suddenly upon the wall where the light from the fire shone the brightest, there appeared the shadowy hand of a man clasping a long and deadly looking knife.

For a moment my gaze was so riveted upon it that I could not turn my eyes, but a sound in the adjoining room broke the spell. Starting hastily upon my elbow, I peered through the crack that was close to my head and the sight I beheld caused another thrill, similar to that which the shadowy hand had given me. My host with a long knife in his hand, was approaching on tip toe to the door which led to my room. It was the shadow of his uplifted hand that I had seen upon the wall.

That he had designs upon my life I could not doubt, and thankful for the warning I had received, I prepared to meet him. Noiselessly I crept from the bed, and with my six-shooter in my hand, stationed myself at its foot. The door was pushed noiselessly open, and the would-be murderer entered the room as noiselessly as a phantom, and approached the bedside. His arm, with the deadly knife grasped in his hand, was for a moment held above the bed; and then it descended with a force that would have sent it through the body of a man, had one been lying there.

This was all I wanted. Surely this was evidence enough to justify me in what I did. I raised my arm and fired; with a groan the villain fell forward upon the couch where I had lain hardly a minute before. With my finger still upon the trigger should another shot be needed, I struck a match and lit a candle; and holding it before me, I approached the bed. The villain lay motionless. My bullet had found its way through his heart.

You can imagine how the rest of the night passed to me. With the earliest dawn I mounted my horse, and, as good luck would have it, rode directly toward Silby, where I arrived in a couple of hours. I was not long in searching out the proper officer, to whom I told my story, and a little later I guided him back to the cabin, where they found all as I had stated it and at once exonerated me from the blame in causing the villain's death.

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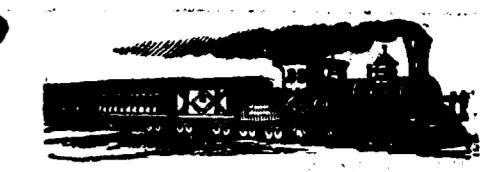
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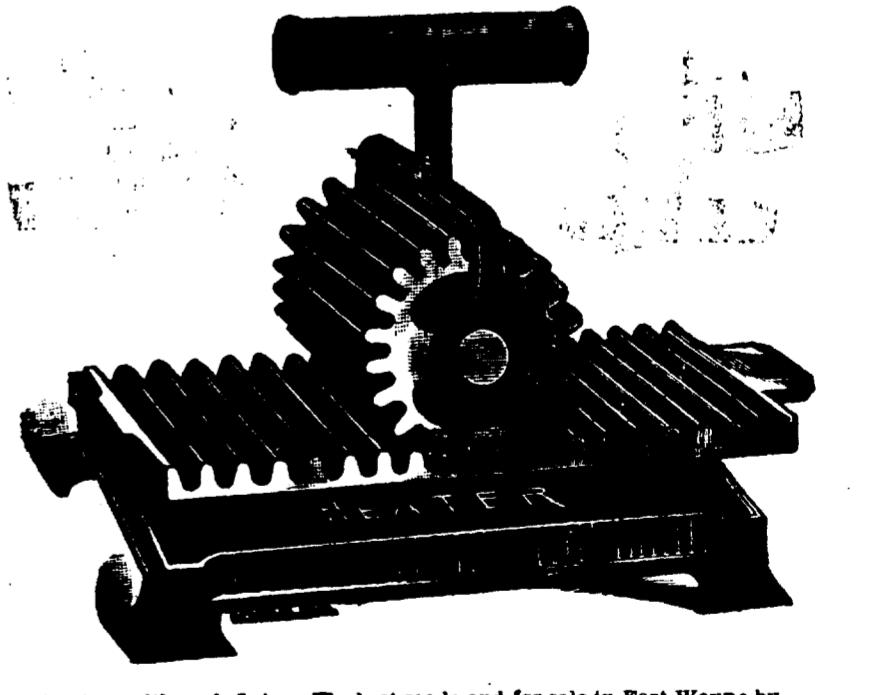
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